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THE SOUTHERN BIVOUAC.

KENNESAW MOUNTAIN.

On the 14th of June, 1864, the army under General Joseph E. Johnston occupied a line of hastily-constructed works of several miles in length, extending from near Lost Mountain to a point about a mile north of Kennesaw Mountain. The general direction of this line, from our left, was north of east, and it was confronted in its entire length by the Federal army under General W. T. Sherman. Johnston's command numbered forty-eight thousand eight hundred, and that of Sherman, by official reports, one hundred and twelve thousand eight hundred.

The better to explain movements previous to assuming position on Kennesaw Mountain, I will make some extracts from my diary:

JUNE 14, 1864.—This morning, by written orders, General Loring moved to the right; General Canty from the left to the center; and I extended to the right. Rode over to see General Polk; asked him when General Johnston and he went to the right to come down my line; said they probably would. . . . At 12 M. heard that General Polk was dead; sent an officer to his headquarters to inquire, and learned the report too true. Went to headquarters at 2:30 P.M. but his remains had just left for Marietta. He had accompanied General Johnston to the left and gone to Pine Mountain, and while there the party was fired on by one of the Federal batteries, and the third shot fired struck the general on the left side and killed him instantly. . . .

JUNE 15.—All quiet at sunrise; soon after some desultory cannonading along the lines, but chiefly on the right, until 3 P.M., when it became quite heavy, and at the same time opened on my front with a few guns. At 5 P.M. received orders to hold Cockrell's brigade in readiness to move to the right of Loring. Part of Loring's division had their skirmishers driven in to their main works. At 9 P.M. enemy attacked my skirmishers without any result. . . .

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JUNE 16.—Early this morning the enemy opened on my front with artillery. At 10 A.M. they shelled my front without effect. To-day Cockrell is held in reserve for General Hardee, and thus it always is. I have to hold a reserve for every body but myself.

JUNE 17.—To-day the enemy opened us with artillery. Last night the left wing of the army swung back and took a new line. This has placed my command in a salient of less than ninety degrees, and renders it liable to both an enfilading and reverse fire. In the afternoon cannonading pretty severe.

JUNE 18.—This morning pickets and skirmishers on my left (Walker's division) gave way and let the enemy in behind Cockrell's skirmishers, and enabled them to gain the Latimer house, four hundred yards distant. Ector's skirmishers also came in. Enemy soon advanced in line of battle, and with batteries opened on the salient an enfilading and reverse fire; and all day long this fire never ceased. They could not carry my lines successfully, and we would not attack them by leaving the trenches; and so the firing went on. My loss was severe, amounting to one hundred and eighty, and as an instance of the severity of the fire on the salient, Captain Guibo had served with his battery throughout the siege of Vicksburg, yet his loss this day of thirteen men is greater than that sustained during the whole siege. Toward evening ordered to withdraw and assume a new line on Kennesaw Mountain.

JUNE 19.—The enemy made rapid pursuit, and before my line was established on Kennesaw Mountain skirmishing commenced, and by 12 M. artillery fire from the enemy was rapid. It ranged up and over the spur of the mountain with great fury, and wounded General Cockrell and put thirty-five of his men *hors du combat*.

The position of our army to-day is: Hood on the right, covering Marietta on the northwest. From his left, Polk's corps (now Loring's) extends over both Big and Little Kennesaw Mountains, with the left on the road from Gilgath Church to Marietta. From this road Hardee extended the line nearly south, covering Marietta on the west, the left of my division was fixed on the Marietta road; thence it ran up the spur of the mountain called Little Kennesaw, and thence to the top of the same and on up to the top of Big Kennesaw, connecting with General Walthall. Featherstone was on the right of Walthall, and joined General Hood's left; Walker, of Hardee's corps, was on my left; then in order came Bate, Cleburne, and Cheatham.

Kennesaw Mountain is about four miles northwest of Marietta. It is over two and a half miles in length, and rises abruptly from the

plain, solitary and alone, to the height of perhaps six hundred or seven hundred feet. Its western side is rocky and abrupt. Its eastern side can, in a few places, be gained on horseback, and the west of Little Kennesaw, being bald and destitute of timber, affords a commanding view of all the surrounding country as far as the eye can reach, except where the view is interrupted by the higher peak.

JUNE 20.—Busy this morning in establishing batteries on the road, on the spur of the mountain, and on the top of Little Kennesaw. In the afternoon changed the line lower down the mountain side, so as to command the ascent as far as possible. Heavy cannonading on the left of my line. Lost ten horses and a few men.

JUNE 21.—Went to the top of the mountain this morning, and while there witnessed the artillery duel between the batteries on Hardee's line and those of the enemy in his front. . . .

JUNE 22.—The constant rains have ceased; the sky is clear, and the sun, so long hid, now shines out brightly. Skirmishing on my line last night; rode to the top of the mountain quite early, to where I had placed nine guns in position. During the night the enemy had moved a camp close to the base of the mountain. It was headquarters of some general officers. Tent walls were raised, officers sitting around, orderlies coming and going, wagons parked, and soldiers idling about or resting under the shade of the trees; and all this at my very feet. Directed cartridges for the guns to be reduced, so as to drop the shells below, and that the enemy should be left a while in his fancied security, for no doubt they thought we could not place artillery on the height above them, and they were not visible to my infantry on the mountain sides by reason of the timber.

At length the gunners, impatient of delay, were directed to open fire on them. They were evidently much surprised, and, disregarding rank, stood not upon the order of their going, but left quickly, every man for himself; and "their tents were all silent, their banners alone," like Sennacherib's of old.

The enemy appear this morning to be moving permanently to our left, and the firing this afternoon extends further in that direction. Toward dark opened guns again on the enemy, also at 11 P. M.

JUNE 23.—Yesterday Cockrell had fourteen men wounded. All quiet this morning. During the night the enemy removed their tents, wagons, etc. from their abandoned encampment that was shelled yesterday, and the place looks desolate. At 10 A. M., when all was quiet on the mountain, the enemy commenced a rapid artillery fire from guns put in position during the night, and concentrated it on our

guns on the mountain. Yesterday we had it all our own way; to-day they are repaying us, and the cannonade is "fast and furious." Last night there was fighting on our left, but so different are the reports received that I can not get at the truth.

JUNE 24.—There has been but little fighting during the day.

JUNE 25.—The everlasting "pop," "pop," on the skirmish line is all that breaks the stillness of the morning. Went early to the left of my line; could not ride in rear of Hoskins's battery on account of the trees and limbs felled by the shells. From top of the mountain the vast panorama is ever changing. There are now large trains to the left of Lost Mountain and at Big Shanty, and wagons are moving to and fro every where. Encampments of hospitals, quartermasters, commissaries, cavalry, and infantry whiten the plain here and there as far as the eye can reach. Our side of the line looks narrow, poor, and lifeless, with but little canvas in spots that contrasts with the green foliage.

The usual flank extension is going on. Troops on both sides move to left, and now the blue smoke of the musket discloses the line by day trending away, far away south toward the Chattahoochee, and by night it is marked, at times, by the red glow of the artillery, amidst the spark-like flash of small arms that looks in the distance like innumerable fire-flies.

At 10 A.M. opened fire on the enemy from the guns on Kenesaw. Enemy replied furiously, and for an hour the firing was incessant. Received an order to hold Ector's brigade in reserve. In the afternoon considerable firing, and all the chests of one of my caissons were blown up by a shell from the enemy, and a shell from one of the chests killed a gunner. They have now about forty guns in my fronts, and when they concentrate their fire on the mountain at any one place, it is pretty severe, but owing to our height, nearly harmless. Thousands of their parrot-shells pass high over the mountain, and exploding at a great elevation, the after-part of the shell is arrested in its flight, and falling perpendicularly, comes into camp, and they have injured our tents. Last night I heard a peculiar "thug" on my tent, and a rattle of tin pans, and this morning my negro boy cook put his head into my tent and said, "See here, master Sam, them 'fernal Yanks done shot my pans last night. What am I goin' to do 'bout it?" A rifle-ball coming over the mountain had fallen from a great height, and, perforating the pans, had entered the ground.

JUNE 26.—This is Sunday, and all is comparatively still in the lines up to this, 4 P.M., excepting one artillery duel; but now cannon

are heard on our extreme left. We have not opened our batteries here, and we have not been annoyed much. Enemy moving to our left. The day has been very warm.

JUNE 27.—This morning there appeared great activity among staff officers and generals all along my front and up and down the lines. The better to observe what is portended, myself and staff seated ourselves on the brow of the mountain, sheltered by a large rock that rested between our guns and those of the enemy, the infantry being still lower down the side of the mountain.

Artillery firing was common on the line at all times, but now it swelled in volume and extended down to the extreme left, and then from fifty guns burst out in my front, and thence, battery after battery following on the right, disclosed a general attack on our entire lines. Presently, and as if by magic, there sprung from the earth a host of men, and in one long waving line of blue the infantry advanced and the battle of Kennesaw Mountain began.

I could see no infantry on my immediate front, owing to the woods at the base of the mountain, and therefore directed the guns from their elevated position to enfilade Walker's front. In a short time the flank fire down the line drove them back, and Walker was relieved from the attack.

We sat there, perhaps an hour, enjoying a bird's-eye view of one of the most magnificent sights ever allotted to man—to look down upon an hundred and fifty thousand men arrayed in the strife of battle on the plain below.

As the infantry closed in the blue smoke of the musket marked out our line for miles, while over it rose in cumuli-like clouds the white smoke of the artillery. Through the rifts of smoke, or, as it was wafted aside by the wind, we could see the assault made on Cheatham, and there the struggle was hard, and there it lasted longest. So many guns were trained on those by our side, and so incessant was the roar of cannon and sharp the explosion of shells, that nought else could be heard. From the fact that I had seen no infantry in my front, and had heard no musketry near, and the elevation of my line on the mountain, I thought I was exempted from the general infantry attack; I was therefore surprised and awakened from my dreams when a courier came to me about nine o'clock and said General Cockrell wanted assistance, that his line had been attacked in force. General Ector was at once directed to send two regiments to report to him. Soon again a second courier came and reported the assault on the left of my line. I went immediately with

the remainder of Ector's brigade to Cockrell, but on joining him found the Federal forces had been repulsed. The assaulting column had struck Cockrell's works near the center, recoiled under the fire, swung around into a steep valley where—exposed to the fire of the Missourians in front and right flank and of Sears's men on the left—it seemed to melt away or sink to the earth to rise no more.

The assault on my line repulsed, I returned to the mountain top. The intensity of the fire had slackened and no movement of troops was visible; and although the din of arms yet resounded far and near, the battle was virtually ended.

From prisoners and from papers on their persons shown us, I learned my line had, from its position, been selected for assault by General McPherson, as that of Cheatham's had been by General Thomas.

General McPherson distinguished himself under Grant, was conspicuous at the siege of Vicksburg, and enjoyed the confidence of officers and the affection of his soldiers, and having been directed in orders to make reconnoissances and preparations to assault our line, it would be a reflection on his judgment and skill as a general to infer that he did not—under the eye of his commander with ample means—make what he deemed adequate preparations for its accomplishment; but owing to the nature of the ground, and the determined resistance encountered, his men, by an intuitive perception, awakened by action, realized the contest was hopeless, and where persistence was only death, very properly abandoned the field.

The battle, in its entirety, became a pageantry on a grand scale, and barren of results, because the attacking columns were too small in numbers, considering the character of the troops they knew they would encounter.

General Cheatham's loss was one hundred and ninety-five (195); mine (French's) one hundred and eighty-six (186); all other Confederate losses were one hundred and forty-one (141); being a total of five hundred and twenty-two. What the Federal loss was I do not know. It has been variously estimated from three to eight thousand.

The following orders of General Sherman will explain the attack clearly, and the telegrams to Generals Schofield and Thomas the result of the attack :

HEADQUARTERS MILITARY DIVISION OF THE MISSISSIPPI IN THE FIELD }
NEAR KENNESAW MOUNTAIN, June 24, 1864. }

The army commanders will make full reconnoissances and prepa-

rations to attack the enemy in force on the 27th instant, at 8 o'clock A.M. precisely.

The commanding general will be on Signal Hill, and will have telegraph communication with all the army commanders.

1. Major-General Thomas will assault the enemy at any point near his center, to be selected by himself, and will make any changes in his troops necessary by night, so as not to attract the attention of the enemy.

2. Major-General McPherson will feign by a movement of his cavalry and one division of his infantry on his extreme left, approaching Marietta from the north, and using his artillery freely, but will make his real attack at a point south and west of Kennesaw.

3. Major-General Schofield will feel to his extreme right, and threaten that flank of the enemy with artillery and display, but attack some one point of the enemy's line as near the Marietta and Powder Spring road as he can with prospect of success. . . .

5. Each attacking column will endeavor to break a single point of the enemy's line, and make a secure lodgment beyond, and be prepared for following it up toward Marietta and the railroad in case of success.

By order of Major-General W. T. Sherman.

L. M. DAYTON, *Aid-de-Camp*.

HEADQUARTERS MILITARY DIVISION OF THE MISSISSIPPI IN THE FIELD, }
June 27, 1864, 11:45 A.M. }

GENERAL SCHOFIELD: Neither McPherson nor Thomas have succeeded in breaking through, but each has made substantial progress at some cost. Push your operations on the flank, and keep me advised.

W. T. SHERMAN, *Major-General Commanding*.

HEADQUARTERS MILITARY DIVISION OF THE MISSISSIPPI IN THE FIELD }
NEAR KENNESAW, June 27, 1864, 11:45 A.M. }

GENERAL THOMAS: McPherson's column marched near the top of the hill, through very tangled brush, but was repulsed. It is found impossible to deploy, but they hold their ground. I wish you to study well the positions, and if it be possible to break through the lines, to do it; it is easier now than it will be hereafter. I hear Leggett's guns well behind the mountain.

W. T. SHERMAN, *Major-General Commanding*.

As nothing decisive was obtained by Sherman's attack, the firing slackened, except on the skirmish line. After dark the enemy with-

drew to their main trenches, the roar of guns died gradually away, and the morning of the 28th dawned on both armies in their former positions. The battle of Kennesaw, then, was a display of force and advance of troops by the enemy on the entire length of our line, that opened a furious fire of artillery and musketry, under cover of which two grand attacks were made by assaulting columns—the one on my line, and the other on Cheatham's.

ADVENTURES OF A CONFEDERATE.

CHAPTER V.

The sun was now low in the heavens. In tropical climates it is but a short while between sunset and night. The glimmering twilight of more northern latitudes has no duration here. With the coming of night the chase of the Indians must necessarily cease. They were at home in the wildness of the swamp into which they had retired, while to Captain Ross and his men it was an unknown wilderness. The Indians were on foot, the soldiers mounted. The bogs of the swamp could be passed by the lightfooted savage, while the heavy horses of the cavalry would sink to their knees with every step. This was demonstrated in the attempt to pass the slough while trying to catch the woman and boy, whom they now knew were put out by the savages as decoys. Besides, they in the darkness would more easily fall a prey to an ambush. Hadn't they been the victims of one in the broad light of day and apparently in the open prairie? What chance would they then have in a thick and almost impenetrable swamp? None whatever. Plainly the chase would have for the present to be abandoned. Besides there were the dead to be buried and the wounded to be cared for. It was hard. It was mortifying. But it must be borne. Human life has many falls for its pride. Many mortifications as checks to its passions, which must be met and borne, and the spirit with which this is done discovers the man or discloses the worthless. These thoughts all passed through Captain Ross's mind in much less time than it takes us to tell it, and he had come to the conclusion that his best course of action would be to halt for the night, rest and refresh his men, and perform the last sad duties owing the dead before resuming the pursuit.

With this in view he returned with his command to the late battle-

field. Striking the trail he crossed to the other side of the slough and dismounted his men. The bodies of poor Swichard and Ricketts were soon found and brought out on the prairie. Search was made for the Indians who had been seen to fall, but no vestiges of them could be discovered further than the splotches of blood upon the bushes and ground where they had fallen. Their comrades had carried them off, and with them also the scalps of Swichard and Ricketts. An Indian warrior never leaves his comrade on the battlefield if there is any possible chance under heaven of carrying him off. They consider it the greatest dishonor so to do. Their object is to prevent the loss of the dead warrior's scalp, a failure to take the scalp of the enemy you have slain being according to their code both a loss of caste and victory. Dolly Golding's colt was found, to use Dolly's tearful expression, "deader 'an a nail." It had in the melee received a stray shot through the head, and had fallen where it was shot never to "smile" again. Dolly took his loss greatly to heart and swore vengeance against the Indians.

A squad was detailed to dig the graves, which had to be done with the short cavalry-swords of the men, as no spades or shovels were at hand. The sun had set before they were dug deep enough to suit, but as the soil was sand, the only difficulty was the slowness of the work. At last, however, it was done, and the bodies of the poor fellows were brought and laid reverently in the graves provided for their last resting places. "Nor in sheet, nor in shroud were they wrapped," but just as they were clothed when they fell. No religious ceremonies or social rites added solemnity to their interment. Not one of the troop who gathered there was a member of any congregation, but they were all in the first blush of manhood and had all of them more or less attended divine worship in some form during their lives, and were impressed with a sense of their accountability to God, and hardly one of them but felt the awful solemnity of death as they crowded around the shallow graves dug in the great prairie far from home and relatives, intensified by the fact that but a few hours before these poor fellows were in the full enjoyment of health and strength, laughing and chatting without a thought of their present deplorable condition. And hardly one but turned away, when the last piece of earth had been thrown upon the grave, with a sigh of bitter regret and perhaps a tear for the memory of their lost companions. "Poor boys," said Dolly Golding, as he moved off to his horse, wiping his eyes with the rough sleeve of his coat, "Poor boys,

who'd a thought it?" Ah, who is it that does think beforehand of the sudden and awful change from brimming life to sudden death.

Out in the open prairie, fully two hundred yards from the slough, the camp was pitched. That is, the horses were unsaddled and picketed, and the men made ready to eat their suppers and repose for the night. They had no tents or baggage—nothing except what they carried with them on their horses—which consisted solely of their grub blankets, and corn for their horses. They left Fort Kissimee with three days' rations. They had been out on the chase now for two days and their supply could last but one day longer. To remedy this Captain Ross gave directions for two of the men to be ready to return to Fort Kissimee as soon as the moon should rise, with instructions to Lieutenant George Brooks to move down with his entire command and rejoin him. It must be borne in mind that in reaching their present location, which according to their best calculations could not be more than twenty miles in a direct line from camp, they had followed the Indians in a very roundabout way, traveling a great distance in reality, but still not getting far from the point whence they started. The next thing was to prepare for the night. The horses were picketed on the side farthest from the swamp, and in a fine grassy spot so that they could feed. A detail of fifteen men divided into five squads were chosen for sentinels, each squad to stand guard two hours. An officer of the guard was appointed and a countersign given. It was not thought by either of the officers, Ross or Weeks, that they would be troubled by the Indians during the night, "For," said Weeks, "they have been hard pushed in the pursuit and they have had a pretty hard tussle with the boys this afternoon—enough I think to make them quiet for a while." "In addition to which," said the captain, "they know I have been reinforced by your command, Weeks, and they will more likely be moving during the night farther off in the direction of a place of security. They must be aware by this time that we are after them and mean business. And they never would," said the captain, reflectively, "have abandoned the fight at your approach if they had not seen they were too weak for us both together. Beside this they are encumbered with women and children."

"Don't you trust 'em, captain," spoke Tom Hernest, joining in the conversation; "don't you trust 'em. Indians ain't like white people in any thing—fighting, nor nothing else," said Tom, shaking his head dubiously. Indians is queer people. Now jist look a there," pointing his finger suggestively, "at how they done us this evening.

Would any body 'a thought that that woman and boy walking along so careless like was a doing that just to lead us into a ambush. No, sir. My opinion is, and I don't care who knows it," said Tom, combatively, "that we'll hear again from them Indians before the night is over."

"Why, Tom, what makes you think so?" observed Captain Ross. "Tom must have some reason for his remark," he said, turning to Lieutenant Weeks as he spoke. "I have generally found Tom's observation good and his conclusions based on sound reasoning. Now if I had listened to him this afternoon the Indians wouldn't have caught us so nicely in their trap. Tom was for caution, but our hot impulses ran away with our cooler judgments. So, Tom, if you have any thing to support your opinion I'll listen to it, old fellow." But Tom had no special reasons to urge. He only observed "that if he was in the place of the Indians he'd try to make the night count something in his favor."

"But you've just said, Tom," remarked Lieutenant Weeks, "that Indians don't do any thing like white folks."

"So I did, leftenant," replied Tom, "and that's a fact. But it ain't altogether Injun nature that's at work here; they've got a nigger along with them; and if ever I saw a mean nigger in my life, the nigger with them Injuns is the meanest looking cuss that I ever saw. The moment I clapped eyes on him I said to myself I've seen you somewhar before, sartain, but whar or when I can't for the life of me bring to mind. I took one good crack at him, but I ain't sure that I hit him, tho' Dolly Golding says he'll swar that he saw him reel when I shot; but I've seen that nigger before, sure."

"Well," said Captain Ross, "I don't see any particular reasons for fearing the Indians to-night. Let the sentinels be posted, and in order to give the men a good rest, three at a time, I think, will be sufficient—two next the swamp and one about fifty yards beyond the horses. They can be relieved every two hours, and the men can sleep with their arms instead of stacking them as at first intended. As you are not on guard, Tom, if you wake any time during the night call me, and we will stroll round and see what's going on."

With these directions the two officers sought out a place, spread their blankets together, and lay down for the night. Tom went back among the men who, by this time, had eaten and fed their horses, and were preparing to lie down for their much-needed repose. The solemn scene of the evening had rendered them melancholy, and there was very little talking done. Their thoughts had been turned

homeward, and they seemed more disposed to think than to chat. The killing of two of their number had brought them face to face with the fact that they were engaged in no child's play, but in earnest, genuine war, where life was the stake played for, and death the reward of the loser. Deeply impressed with these feelings, and the ideas connected therewith, they lay down to their rest entirely devoid of the pleasant, humorous, chatty spirits of the past, and sought in sleep oblivion from the solemn sentiment which, like a pall, had come over their lives for the moment. Not so, Tom. He was restless and uneasy. The events of the day had wholly dissatisfied him. He was discontented over the fact that the Indians had trapped them. He was humiliated that Captain Ross had permitted himself to be drawn into an ambuscade, for he had not only a great friendship for the captain personally, having played, hunted, fished, and run together as boys, but he had a high opinion of the captain's talents and qualifications as a man. He knew him intimately, and in all their boyish sports and undertakings Willie Ross was always in the lead, either to plan or to act, and there was in Tom's mind but one objection that could at any time have been urged against the lad. He had always, as a boy, been a little too hot-headed and impulsive, and Tom, who had hoped Willie's education from home had schooled him to a better command of his impulses, found to his regret from the experiences of the afternoon, that such had not been the case.

"But never mind," thought Tom, "he's a noble fellow, and he'll learn better as he grows older. It's better too to be too hot than too cold. I'll only have to watch a little closer, that's all. These Injuns aint to be trusted, and if I'm any thing good for guessing we'll hear from 'em before morning. I'll just turn in a bit, take a nap, and by moonrise I'll take Dolly Golding and make a round and see what we can find. I can't get that nigger out of my head. I've seen him somewhar, sartain." With these sententious thoughts Tom spread his blanket near the horses, lay down, wrapped himself up, and was soon sound asleep. In Florida, notwithstanding the heat of the day, the nights are very cool, and it is seldom that a covering at night in the open air is not agreeable. This is owing to the sea-breezes and the heavy dews which are almost like a thin rain. The great moisture of the night makes the climate very injurious to steel and iron, causing a thick rust to accumulate, which has to be cleansed every morning. The moon on this night was in its last quarter and would rise between one and two o'clock. The temporary guard-house, or place where the guard was stationed, was at the lower extremity of

the camp on the side next the slough. Here the men for guard-duty had assembled and were now, all except those acting as sentinels and the captain of the guard, fast asleep like the rest of the camp. As there was no wood to be had there were no fires in camp that night, but a sodden blackness shrouded every thing from view.

It was now past midnight, nothing had occurred to disturb the solemn stillness. The last relief-guard had gone its rounds, and the last round of sentinels had been instructed and placed upon their posts. A young fellow named Hardy Rainer had been placed at the post back of the horses, and had been cautioned to keep a sharp lookout. The moon had risen, but was almost constantly hid by the driving clouds, with which the sky was now overcast, so that as far as the vision was concerned it was little better than before the appearance of the moon. Hardy Rainer was an uneducated country boy, stout of limb and as strong as a young Hercules; but he had not a bright or acute intellect. He was not quick either at seeing a thing or of forming conclusions. A tall, broad-shouldered, broad-faced farmer lad; but he had one faculty possessed by few persons, and which was a never-failing source of amusement, admiration, and wonder to the men of his command. He possessed the faculty of ventriloquism, not as perfectly as Sigñor Blitz, for he had not as yet learned to imitate the human voice to any great extent, but there was not a bird or four-footed beast with which he had ever come in contact that he could not imitate to perfection. In fact the best judge of sounds would believe on hearing him that the animal he imitated was present in proper person. And he could throw his voice in any direction with exact success. Hardly a night passed in camp that Hardy did not play some prank upon the boys by chasing them with imaginary dogs, or by causing some unsuspecting fellow to leap wildly away from the sudden snapping of a hound at his legs, and hundreds of other tricks that made him the hero of the humor-loving portion of the Rangers.

Hardy, as we said, was put as sentinel on the post back of the horses out in the prairie, about fifty yards distance. He spent the first half hour of his duty in walking back and forward on a short line parallel to the horses, peering in all directions into the darkness and seeing nothing. Every thing was quiet except the drifting clouds and the winds impelling them. Hardy thought this thing of sentinel duty was a nuisance. He had never in his experience seen or heard of night fighting, and Howling Wolf was the first Indian he had ever laid eyes on. He was totally unacquainted with them, their history,

habits, or capabilities, and was as innocent of knowledge as a babe unborn of what they might do under any given state of circumstances. He could not see, and the noise of the wind drowned all other sound as it went howling over the prairie, and to add to the discomfort of the situation large drops of rain began to fall. He began to be tired of walking backward and forward, and finally concluded that standing still would answer all purposes. So, bringing his gun to the ground, he rested his arm upon it, and so stood like a statue in the wilderness, with his face to the camp. He had not stood long in this position before he assumed a recumbent attitude, the rain ceasing altogether, he folded his blanket and sat down, thinking he could see and guard just as well that way as any other. Presently he thought he heard something stirring the grass close by, and, turning his head, saw, as he imagined, a large hog, which appeared to be contentedly grunting and feeding. Not reflecting for a moment as to where he was, or of the improbability of hogs or any other domestic animal being in such a wilderness at such a time, he simply supposed it was a hog, and paid no further attention to its movements. Imagine his surprise when, the minute after, he found himself in the arms of a big Indian, who had thrust a twisted bunch of grass in his mouth just as he had opened it to yell, and before he could utter a sound. In his sudden amazement, when the Indian had clutched him round the neck he had thrown up his hands and attempted to rise, when his gun fell to the ground. The struggle was a short but desperate one. The odds being against Hardy, as he was wholly taken by surprise, and the Indian had the assistance of a confederate, whether another Indian or not Hardy was unable to tell, but between the two they soon had him bound with leather thongs and stretched helpless on his back, unable to help himself or to call on others for assistance. In this condition the Indian squatted upon the ground beside him, while the other party made directly for the horses. It was the negro Abram, and his intention was to loose the horses and cause a stampede among them, separate them from the troops, drive them off, and so dismount and disable his enemy. The horses raised among white people are very much frightened by the presence of Indians, and hence Abram took upon himself the task of unloosing the horses, leaving the Indian in charge of Hardy, well knowing that if he took the Indian with him the snorting and disorder among them occasioned by his presence would alarm the camp. The Indian would assist in stampeding the horses after they were loosed. He knew that the horses were accustomed to negroes, sev-

eral of whom were then in camp in attendance upon their masters. He had no fear, therefore, that his going among the horses would occasion any disquiet or noise among them. They preferred to capture Hardy in the way they did to killing him outright, as there was less danger of noise, as were he killed his death-scream might have aroused the troops. Abram, therefore, made his way among the horses, and began rapidly unloosing them. Finding the process of untying too slow, he drew his knife and began cutting the ropes by which they were tied, and was in this manner rapidly effecting his purpose when he was stopped in a very sudden and unlooked-for manner.

To return to Tom Hernest, he had as stated barely laid down when he fell into a deep sleep expecting to wake about moonrise and take a scout around the camp, but he did not wake as he expected, the hard riding of the day before and the excitement of the Indian fight had exhausted him as well as his comrades, and like them he slept soundly the sleep of the tired. By and by, in his dreams he renewed the fight with the Indians and was just dreaming that they were advancing upon the boys with a whoop and a rush, and that one of their rifle-balls had just wounded him in the face, when he woke with a start to find that large drops of rain were falling upon his uncovered head. Getting up and stretching himself, as persons always do when awaked from sleep, he gazed around and just then the edge of the moon peeping for a moment from behind a cloud, showed he had overslept himself, and he judged from the position of the moon that day was approaching. But every thing was perfectly quiet, except the wind, which was blowing freely from the North, and the rain which also shortly ceased. He considered then that he was in good time for his intended rounds. So waking Dolly Golding up quietly, the two proceeded upon a voyage of investigation. They passed down to the lower side of the camp next the slough. The men were all sleeping soundly. They came to the two sentinels on that side who reported perfect security, except that one of them said he thought that he had heard a few minutes before a sort of a noise in the direction of the horses, but had listened intently, and the sounds, if any, were not repeated, he had, therefore, concluded that he had been victimized by his imagination. Tom and Dolly now turned in the direction of the horses, intending to see if every thing was right in that quarter, and if so then to go a wider circle over toward the swamp. They had taken with them only their side-arms. They moved cautiously and without the least noise along the outer circle of

the camp until they came to the horses. Here Tom's quick ears told him that something was going on. He could hear an occasional grating or hissing noise, that he knew could not be made by the horses, but what it was he couldn't well make out and it was impossible to see at that moment, as an impenetrable cloud totally hid the moon and there was not a ray of light to guide his vision. Hastily nudging Dolly to observe the utmost caution, they moved onward among the horses in the direction of the sounds; slowly and surely they neared the spot, and having gotten as close as he deemed prudent, he and Dolly screened themselves behind Dolly's mare who happened to be hitched where they stopped, and waited, intently watching till the clouds then obscuring the moon should have passed. The noise still proceeded, gradually getting nearer and nearer, until all at once the moon burst out from behind the concealing cloud, and they beheld almost within arm's reach a big negro cutting the fastenings of the horses with might and main. Just then his back was partially turned to them and he was hacking away at the stout rope which held the captain's horse. They could see by the light of the moon that he had no weapons except the knife which he was using. At this moment he moved his head in their direction and his face was fully revealed to their concentrated gaze. A flash of instantaneous recognition passed through Tom's mind. He recognized him as the negro he had seen in the fight of the day before and had then thought his face was familiar. He now knew him to be a negro he had known for years. To see the situation fully with Tom begat instant action. With one bound he lit squarely upon the negro's back, throwing him by the force of the leap flat upon his face. The negro was a powerful and muscular fellow, as wiry as a panther and as active as a cat, but he was taken entirely by surprise, and for the moment his faculties were in as much a state of prostration as his body. Tom, himself, although a long, lank, awkward body, was possessed of much strength and activity, his muscles and sinews having been well toughened by the hunter's life which he had led, but in neither strength nor activity was he a match for the negro. He knew this well, but he had hoped by surprise and such assistance as Dolly would afford him to overcome the negro before he could recover from the shock. Hence he had determined on this mode of procedure, rather than use his pistol, to capture rather than to kill him. Dolly was a pretty stout fellow and was a cool and deliberate hand in moments of trial, and Tom had no doubt of success, knowing that Dolly would promptly second all his movements,

When the negro fell the knife was thrown from his hand and became lost in the darkness which supervened. The negro was, therefore, totally unarmed, but he soon recovered his senses and a tremendous struggle ensued between the three. Tom was astraddle of his back, vainly endeavoring to draw the negro's arms over his back, with the idea of rendering that part of his body useless, but his utmost efforts fell short of success. Dolly had the negro by the legs and was trying to loose a halter in order to tie them, but this he was unable to effect without letting go his hold. He was afraid to turn him loose, for he felt the negro to be much stronger than Tom, and if his legs were at liberty he would be enabled to rise. Abram struggled desperately; he knew it was for his life, so he exerted every scheme suggested by the danger of his situation to get upon his feet. The contest had now continued some time and Abram's strength was beginning to fail under the desperate trials he had made, when Dolly by a vehement jerk at last broke the halter and proceeded to bind the negro's legs. Could he accomplish this, then he and Tom could easily tie the arms. But he was not permitted to finish. The noise of the struggle had attracted the attention of the Indian guarding Hardy. No outcries had been uttered either by Tom, Dolly, or Abram, each wishing to conquer or escape without the knowledge of the camp. Tom and Dolly, for the triumph which success would insure them on the morrow; the negro, because assistance from the camp would seal his doom. So the struggle was as silent as such a struggle well could be. But notwithstanding the efforts of each party, they necessarily made some noise, which while it was insufficient to disturb the camp, was yet enough to reach the ears of the Indian and to alarm him for the safety of his comrade. He, therefore, cautiously stole his way to the scene of action and arrived just as Dolly had succeeded in getting the halter loose and was beginning to tie the negro's legs. It was too dark to distinguish one combatant from the other by sight, so the Indian was compelled to resort to the touch in order to tell friend from foe. Neither Dolly nor Tom knew of the approach of an additional enemy until Dolly felt the Indian clutch his arm. The moment he touched Dolly's arm, the Indian knew from his cloth coat that it was a white man and an enemy. He immediately struck at Dolly with his tomahawk, and had there been light sufficient to have directed the blow, Dolly would have ended his career then and there; as it was the tomahawk glanced on the side of his head and while it did not kill, it laid poor Dolly senseless upon the ground. This

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released the negro's legs, and instantly availing himself of the liberty rose to his feet, at the same time by an extraordinary exertion of his vast muscular strength throwing Tom over his head and utterly breaking his hold. The instant Tom struck the earth he yelled for help. In addition to which the presence of the Indians among the horses, had by this time created a great stir and they were snorting, rearing, and plunging as though crazed by fear. Abram and the Indian lost not a moment in making their escape. They struck out on a run, unfortunately taking the direction in which Hardy lay bound, with Tom who had regained his legs unhurt in pursuit. Hardy in the meanwhile had been trying every device he could think of to get the infernal grass out of his mouth and had at last succeeded in doing so, sufficiently to use his voice. His cries, together with the other noises, had at last roused the camp, and the troops were by this time falling into line and getting ready for the impending emergency. Hardy, who had also succeeded in rolling over on his side, now lay with his face toward the camp and in the direction from which the pursued were coming and directly in their path. The clouds over the moon were getting thinner and by this time a gray streak could be seen in the east betokening the approach of day.

Hardy could just distinguish the Indian and negro as they neared him. At the same time the Indian saw him and raised his tomahawk to brain him as he passed. Hardy saw the raised tomahawk; he thought his time had come, when just as the Indian was about to throw the fatal weapon Hardy brought his ventriloquial powers into play. He threw his voice at the feet of the Indian and gave several quick, short, sharp barks and snaps, as though a dog was attempting to seize his legs, when the Indian, who fully believed it to be a dog, uttered an exclamation of alarm and gave a wild leap to one side. This destroyed his aim, and the tomahawk passing within an inch of Hardy's head, buried itself harmlessly in the ground. The Indian had no time to renew his weapon, for just then the sharp crack of Tom's pistol reminded him that delays were dangerous. Tom had fired without aim at the sound of their retreating footsteps. Hearing no change in the said sounds he followed with increased speed. At this moment the moon sailed out grandly from behind an intervening cloud, her mellow light illumining with sudden rays the entire prairie. The whole scene was for the time as distinctly revealed almost as though it had been day. Tom saw the Indian and the negro running, the latter ahead, with lightning speed toward the swamp and not over sixty short spaces from himself, though quadruple the distance from

the camp, where the soldiers were assembled in line awaiting developments. Quick as thought he halted, and though fearful that the distance was too great, he brought his pistol to the aim and fired at the nearest. The effect of his shot was instantly perceived. The Indian reeled, staggered a few paces and fell; rose again, managed to stagger a rod or so further on and again fell, this time to rise no more. By this time Captain Ross had taken in the whole situation and ordered his men forward to Tom's assistance. They put out at the double quick, but before they reached him he turned back, having perceived that the negro had gotten too great a start to be overtaken before he would reach the slough. As he started back the thrilling warwhoop of the savages, followed by a few desultory shots could be heard from the edge of the slough, where it seems they had been posted to await the result of Abram's venture with the horses, ready to avail themselves of the stampede to attack the Rangers in the momentary confusion incident thereto.

The men had now come up with Tom upon his return, day had commenced brightening the east, the gray light of dawn had begun to drive away the shadows of night and things assumed indistinct but still perceptible proportions in the distance. The slough or swamp could be seen, not plainly, but like a cloud-bank on the edge of the near horizon. Abram had probably reached his band of savages and told the fate of his comrade, for just then a hideous wailing could be heard from the point where the Indians were, followed by a yelling and roaring of whoops and howls that was fearful indeed, and over the prairie they could be seen coming, magnified by the gloomy gray light of the morning. They resembled huge monsters bent upon the destruction of mankind.

"Look sharp, boys," said Tom, pointing to the great forms running toward them through the mist of the morning, "those red devils mean mischief." His remark was followed by the fire of the Indians.

"Attention!" cried Captain Ross, drawing his sword, "ready, aim, fire;" and a furious volley was poured into the ranks of the Indians, but so far as seen without damage; they, however, incontinently fled. But they had accomplished their errand, which was to recover the dead body of their comrade. Four of them were seen carrying him off. Day had now pretty well advanced. The volley of the troops had been followed by the command to "charge," and the savages were pursued into the swamp, but without results. The command returned to their horses.

Here poor Hardy Rainer was found and released from his helpless condition. His tale was soon told. For a long time afterward Hardy was greatly bedeviled by the boys who took advantage of every occasion to approach him unawares and grunt like a hog, and frequently the whole command would worry him in the same way. He was severely reprimanded for his carelessness by the captain, and it is safe to say that the experience of that night taught him a lesson he never forgot. Dolly Golding was also looked after, Tom fearing very much that he had been killed, but he was safely recovered and but for the pain of his bruised head he was as well as ever.

Breakfast was soon had, and before sunrise the men were again ready for action. The three men who had been wounded the evening before had had their wounds, which were very slight, carefully dressed by Dr. Wheidon, the surgeon of the command, and they had been detailed on the express to the camp. They had left at the appointed time and were probably there or near by at this moment.

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

"HOME, SWEET HOME."

I.

A time was there, at hush of day,
The hour above all others blest,
Across a stream were Blue and Gray,
Encamped in interval of rest.
Like echoes from the outposts came
Stray picket-shots, where erst the flame
Had gleamed from gun like demon's wrath,
And marked in crimson lines its path.

II.

Beyond the hill, from Federal band
The air of battle-song is heard;
While from the listless groups that stand
Sounds o'er the stream some bantering word.
As chorus from the Gray-coats rose
A hearty cheer to greet their foes,
When "Dixie" from the Rebel side
To "Yankee Doodle" quick replied.

III.

A little while, since soft the light
Of moonbeam fell o'er battle-ground,
Where upturned faces, cold and white,
And dying piled in heaps were found.
A little while, and o'er the slain
Would Blue and Gray clash arms again,
And for the jesters' merry tones
Be heard their comrades' dying groans.

IV.

But now the woes to come and past
Seem for the moment thrust aside;
Rings loud and clear the bugle's blast
Across the rippling, silvery tide.
While martial air of these, of those
Is answered by the shout of foes,
From rank to rank of Blue and Gray
Till shout in echo dies away.

V.

A moment's stillness; hark! is heard
The sound of cornet, sweet and low;
Tuneful as the note of bird,
Gentle as the brooklet's flow.
Swells the melody until
Echoes from yon neighboring hill,
Wakened by the trembling strain,
Waft it backward o'er the plain.

VI.

Ah! Blue and Gray have caught the sound,
And lips are closed, is heard no cheer;
And eye meets eye in glance around,
And heart reads heart in memories dear.
Like angels' song the sweet notes seem;
Comes strain responsive o'er the stream;
And in both armies every band
Plays "Home, Sweet Home," in concert grand.

VII.

'Tis "*Home*," though on New England's hills;
'Tis "*Home*," though far 'neath sunny skies;
"Home, home!" the love undying fills
Each soldier's heart and wakes replies

From foe, where else defiant cheer
 Faced man to man ; for home is dear,
 And he who perils all to save
 The home he loves is true and brave.

VIII.

Softly die the notes away ;
 Echoing far, the last is heard ;
 Upon their arms sleep Blue and Gray,
 Ready for the battle-word.
 But the picket-post is still ;
 Naught is heard save murmuring rill
 Or sentry's tread, or from the throat
 Of mate-lost dove some plaintive note.

IX.

The Dream-sprite hovers here and there,
 And fairy visions come and go ;
 Low phantom music fills the air,
 While night of peace the weary know ;
 For camp and foeman disappear,
 Only loved ones linger near ;
 And many a heart whence war has driven
 Much that is good knows taste of heaven.

X.

The morrows came, and with them brought
 Fierce conflicts oft, and duties stern,
 Long weary hours with burdens fraught,
 And saddest lessons one must learn.
 Yet unforgotten, on through time,
 Now soft, now full, in strain sublime,
 To those who heard it, e'er shall come
 The echoes of that "*Home, Sweet Home.*"

MARCH, 1883.

GENERAL WILLIAM N. PENDLETON.

On Monday last died suddenly, at his residence in Lexington, Va., a veteran whose career in the church and in the army would be exceptional in any other country than our own, the Rev. General William N. Pendleton, rector of the Episcopal Church, and during the sectional war Chief of Artillery to the Army of Northern Virginia.

The town of Lexington, Va., has been the residence of many distinguished men, notably of General Robert E. Lee, and his worthy son General Custis Lee; of General Stonewall Jackson, General Robert Rhodes, Governor James McDowell, Governor John Letcher, Commodore Maury, the Hon. John Randolph Tucker, and many others of almost equal reputation. Among these the Rev. Dr. Pendleton moved as counselor and friend. In person he bore so striking a likeness to his great chief, General Lee, that he was often mistaken for him, and in qualities of head and heart, and in devotion to the cause of the southern people, he could stand as a peer in any assembly of the worthies of the South.

Pendleton is a good name in Virginia and in other States. Dr. Philip Slaughter, the historiographer of the Protestant Episcopal Church in Virginia, gives nine pages in his history of St. Mark's Parish to this family. Henry Pendleton, of Norwich, England, was the progenitor of the family, and his son Philip emigrated to the Old Dominion in 1764. The great jurist, Edmund Pendleton, the friend of Washington, was a grandson of this Philip. A nephew and namesake of Judge Pendleton was a distinguished officer in the Revolutionary war. His son, also Edmund, was the father of the subject of this sketch.

General Pendleton's grandfather added to a large estate by the practice of the law, which his father also followed, but with little zeal, preferring the plantation to the office. His home of Edmondsbury, in Caroline County, was a pattern household, the seat of a liberal classical culture, a genial hospitality, and most of all, of a sincere piety. General Pendleton's mother was a niece of Governor Nelson, of Revolutionary memory. The family was large, and has borne itself well in all the relations of life. From the first it has had a decided leaning to the ministry of the Episcopal Church, in which a number have done good service.

Mr. Pendleton's family made their winter home in Richmond, and there William was born December 26, 1809. He grew up with the best surroundings. His father's kindred and intimates were among the most distinguished connection of the day. John Taylor, of Caroline, the author of the famous "Letters," and of "Avator," was his cousin and brother-in-law. Governor James Barbour and his brother Philip Pendleton Barbour, General Edmund Pendleton Gaines, the Hon. Nathaniel Greene Pendleton, of Ohio, father of Senator Pendleton, and many others of equal note were among the friends and kinsmen of Mr. Pendleton. These early associations

gave an aristocratic and possibly somewhat haughty stamp to a temper naturally simple, kindly, and generous. The boys of the family were well trained in good classical schools, but also worked on the farm; and at fifteen, William and a brother one year older had full charge and management of the labor. His relations toward the slave laborers were of that easy, affectionate sort, which, if not profitable, yet was a very different training in the humanities from what it has been pictured by unfriendly pens.

In his seventeenth year William was sent to West Point. He was at the Military Academy with Jefferson Davis, Robert E. Lee, Albert Sidney Johnston, Leonidas Polk, and other men of like mark. Pendleton was one of the four cadet captains in his class, and was graduated fifth. Though fond of fun and with a good many demerits, in all essentials his conduct was absolutely exemplary. He was graduated July 4, 1830, and assigned to the Second Artillery.

Pendleton's first service was at Fort Moultrie, S. C., where he contracted a malarial fever. In the summer of 1831, while on furlough, he married Miss Anzolette Elizabeth Page, of Hanover County, Va., a granddaughter of Governor Page and also of Governor Nelson, and thus doubly his kinswoman. This marriage was one of affection; and in a cycle, rounded recently by a golden wedding, the picture of honorable wedded love in these two estimable people was one not soon forgotten. Mrs. Pendleton had uncommon vivacity of intellect and fondness for literature, and survives her husband.

While a lieutenant, Pendleton served as instructor of mathematics at West Point, and was afterward stationed at Fort Hamilton, near New York. During the period following his graduation, and especially during his residence at Fort Hamilton, under the influence of Captain Gardner and of Dr. McIlvaine, then preaching in Brooklyn, Lieutenant Pendleton had become profoundly interested in the truths of revealed religion. Indeed, brought up piously in the robust faith of his fathers, his confession of Christ and his adoption of the ministry were natural and regular steps in religious growth. He resigned the commission in 1833 to become professor of mathematics in "Bristol College," Pennsylvania, an institution organized by the Evangelical flank of the Episcopal Church. The college had a temporary success, but closed in about four years for want of sufficient endowment.

In the summer of 1837 Prof. Pendleton was ordained a minister of the Episcopal Church. He also became professor of mathematics at Newark College, Delaware. Here he taught, and also preached to

two poor parishes for two years, where the former minister "had lived on less than a little," as the Bishop warned him. At Bristol College, Pendleton was the colleague of the eminent Dr. Packard, and at Newark he had the friendship of the Rev. Alfred Lee, since Bishop of Delaware. In 1839, at the instance of Bishop Meade, Pendleton founded the Church School at Alexandria, Va., which has proved a permanent success. "The Episcopal High School of Virginia" is still a very useful and prosperous establishment. Though it began with marked success as to numbers and character of instruction, it was projected on too expensive a scale, and after five years' charge, Prof. Pendleton resigned with a considerable debt, which it took him several years to pay.

This he accomplished by teaching a private school in Baltimore and serving as minister to two churches, six or eight miles apart, in both of which, however, he preached every Sunday. In 1847 he succeeded Dr. Peterkin in the rectorship of "All Saints' Church," at Frederick, Md. In 1853 he accepted a call to Grace Church, Lexington, Va., a feeble flock, where he succeeded the Rev. Robert Nelson, who was his kinsman, and had been his pupil at Bristol College, and who had then lately entered on his long career of missionary work at Shanghai, China. One of the attractions to this Church was the number of young men in attendance at Washington College (now Washington and Lee University) and the Virginia Military Institute. The country was settled by Scotch-Irish Presbyterians, so that if the flock of an Episcopal minister was small his range was very wide. Mr. Pendleton found his residence congenial as a place to educate his daughters and his only son, and gave a good deal of time to studies of various kinds of infidelity in vogue a quarter of a century ago, which grew into a series of lectures, delivered in 1859-60, and embodied in a small volume entitled "Science a Witness for the Bible," published by the Lippincots in 1860. This book received very favorable notices from men eminent in the church, and was pronounced "able and judicious" by Bishop Meade. Mr. Pendleton had, some time previously, received the degree of Doctor of Divinity from Kenyon College, Ohio, the *alma mater* of President Hayes, and then a stronghold of Evangelical Episcopacy.

Dr. Pendleton had been brought up in a reading, thinking, talking household. Political opinions were divided and not extreme in his family. Old Judge Pendleton was of the straight-out States' Right school, but Dr. Pendleton's father and grandfather leaned a little the other way. The *National Intelligencer* and *Richmond Enquirer*,

organs of Whiggery and Democracy, were both read and discussed **in** their family circle. His own predilections and studies prepared **him** to take moderate and pacific views. He was a warm advocate of African colonization, and a thorough and decided opponent of abolitionism, as was almost every man who arrived at his conclusions from observation and not from hearsay. He regarded abolitionism as only one of the specious forms of atheism. Brought up in a slaveholding community, he could, of course, see nothing wrong in holding slaves, while he recognized fully the heavy responsibility it imposed.

When in the spring of 1861 he returned from a distant tour, in which he had been enforcing the doctrines and principles of his book, he found the people fully aroused for war by the ordinance of secession, which had just been adopted. A company of citizens, mostly educated and of high character, besought him as the only available person left in the community, the officers and cadets of the Military Institute having already gone to the front, to drill them. Without intention of active service he undertook this work, and when the company was ordered to the front soon afterward, he was elected its captain. After some urgent solicitation, he accepted the command temporarily until some other should be fitted for its duties. When he went to Richmond to secure the equipment of his company, Governor Letcher sanctioned the arrangement he had made for temporary service, and General Lee conferred with him in an instructive manner. On arriving at Harper's Ferry he was kindly received by Colonel (Stonewall) Jackson, on whose call his company had been raised.

Dr. Pendleton reported without delay his course and grounds of proceeding to his official superior, Bishop Meade. In his reply that great churchman and godly patriot said, "Were I twenty years younger I would be by your side." No fit opportunity occurred for quitting the army, and active operations soon made this impossible. On July 2, Jackson, being in the advance, came early to Pendleton's tent and said, "Captain, get the battery ready, Patterson is coming, and I am going to meet him." After leading out his force he told Pendleton to go on in advance with one gun, as his present object "was only to feel the enemy." Jackson posted him where the road left the woods, and, pointing to a slight undulation about one hundred yards off, said, "Be ready, captain. The enemy will in a moment be yonder." They had just loaded, when, sure enough, a small body of mounted Federals appeared. Pendleton aimed the

gun himself, raised his hands in prayer, and exclaimed, "Lord, have mercy upon their poor souls!" and gave the order to fire. It was the first gun on that frontier, and, as it fell with serious effect upon the party they dispersed at once. A piece of Federal artillery was now brought forward, but a second shot aimed by Pendleton so damaged it and the men with it that they speedily disappeared. Two or three more shots were fired, when Jackson charged with his "foot cavalry," and completed his process of "feeling the enemy."

In consequence of the military ability and good conduct displayed by Captain Pendleton in the affair at Falling Waters, he was promoted to be a colonel of artillery. Before this, as he expressed it to the writer, "prayerful consideration had removed from my mind any lingering scruple as to the rightfulness of a Christian minister's sharing, as best he might, under such emergency, in the defense by force of his home, friends, State, and country." He rested his right to take up arms on the law of self-preservation, on the divine sanction in the Old Testament to Abraham, Moses, Joshua, and David, the consecration of patriotism by our Lord in weeping over Jerusalem, his sanction of soldiership under the existing government, and his significant representation as a warrior subduing his enemies.

Colonel Pendleton received high commendation for his conduct at the battle of Manassas. General J. E. Johnston says in his narrative of the artillery there, "That of the South had neither time nor ammunition for practice, while much of that of the North belonged to the regular service. Still, ours, directed principally by Colonel Pendleton, was more effective even than the regular batteries of the United States army in that battle."

Appointed Chief of Artillery of the Army of Northern Virginia, Colonel Pendleton shared in every general conflict of that immortal, battle-torn host during a four years' war, except at Second Manassas. There, although seriously sick with a fever, he was upon the field; but General Lee, seeing his condition, sent him into a house near by for medical treatment. It is sufficient to say of the artillery commanded by him that it has not been surpassed in effectiveness by the artillery of any of the great armies of modern times, and that this effectiveness was attained under circumstances and conditions the most discouraging possible. The ordnance department at Richmond was admirably administered, but the waste of war told fearfully upon this arm of the service. It is evident that it could not have won its high reputation if its commander had not been equal to the tremendous requirements of the crisis. That he was so was evinced by the

friendship of General Stonewall Jackson and the unabated confidence of General Lee. Confederate law gave no higher grade to the artillery than brigadier general. This rank Pendleton attained; but as he had under him three other brigadiers, his command was equivalent to that of a major-general, which would, doubtless, soon have been assigned him. At the surrender at Appomattox Courthouse, General Pendleton was one of the three commissioners, with Longstreet and Gordon, appointed by General Lee to arrange the details of terms. He enjoyed to the last day of the war the confidence of his chief as a soldier, and to the last day of his life as a man and minister of God.

When the war was over General Pendleton returned to the charge of the church which he had never resigned, and which had been administered for him by a brother clergyman during the war. Soon his great commander followed him to this mountain retreat, and while in charge of Washington College was his parishioner and vestryman. It is known to the writer that he always treated General Pendleton with great consideration and regard. He was stricken down with his fatal sickness a few minutes after leaving a vestry meeting. Since the war Dr. Pendleton has attended faithfully to the duties of his sacred calling, though at times his health seemed to have given away almost entirely as the result of the terrible and long-endured strain of the war and its responsibilities upon his nervous system. He had suffered greatly, too, in the loss of his only son, Colonel Alexander S. Pendleton, a member of Jackson's staff, and afterward chief of staff to Early, an accomplished scholar, a young man of wonderful energy, and generally regarded as a soldier of extraordinary promise. He fell in battle, and his only child, also, died within the same year. General Pendleton has left an interesting family of five daughters; one is the widow of General Edwin Lee, the others have remained unmarried.

Dr. Pendleton was of robust constitution. While of simple habits, his house was an eminently and genuinely hospitable one. His temper was open and combative, and he was positive in opinion and ready for discussion on almost any topic of literature, politics, or religion. In his day, he was a formidable debater. He was a good classical scholar, an excellent mathematician, well read in his own profession, and a very successful instructor of youth. In some respects, this old soldier was as guileless as a child. A tale of distress opened all the flood-gates of his pity, and quite drowned prudential considerations, so that his friends had to guard him from the wiles of

the designing. He was as tender hearted as he was brave. The veteran waited calmly for his last tattoo. Faithfully he bore the heat and burden of the day, and now he has gone to his great reward.

HEEL AND TOE.

II.

The glorious "Sun of Austerlitz"—that sun whose rising had witnessed the unexpected and unwelcome visit of A. S. Johnston, and others, to U. S. Grant, and others; whose meridian had seen Johnston in the zenith of his power and the almost fulfilled hope of victory; whose afternoon rays had shed their mellow light on the death-scene of that noble warrior and Christian gentleman; and whose setting had left us masters of that bloody field; that glorious orb whose fiery warmth gives to southern blood the splendor of its courage, the richness of its generosity, and the warmth of its hospitality—had veiled its face with clouds and refused to look upon the beginning of the end of the trials and disasters of the sons and daughters of the land he loved to shine upon.

There appeared to be a show of apathy on the part of both armies, to begin the fight, but at last it opens and in earnest. We are moved rapidly to the front, and suddenly find a small swamp between our regiment and the rest of the brigade; obliquing to avoid the swamp we are confronted by Rousseau's brigade, and Kentucky meets Kentucky. Our regiment, less than three hundred strong, holds its line for twenty minutes against overwhelming odds and would have certainly been outflanked and captured but for the gallantry of the Fourth Alabama Battalion, which had found footing in the swamp, and opening fire at short range on the enemy's flank saved us from capture or annihilation. Our support was several hundred yards in the rear, and the remainder of the brigade on the other side of the swamp. Falling back on our support, which was coming up at a double-quick, we went in again, and now it became Rousseau's time to abandon the ground he had won. Moving by the left flank for several hundred yards, we are halted and fronted in a hollow between two parallel ridges running east and west, and being subjected to a desultory fire from an unseen foe, our men begin to return it by random shots all along the line. Major Munroe gave the com-

mand to stop firing, but no attention being paid to it by the men who had become somewhat excited by their morning's experience, he rode around the left wing to the front of the regiment, the better to enforce his command, when, just in front of the color company, he was seen to fall back on the crupper of his horse, shot through the shoulder by some one from the top of a tree on the north ridge. Several soldiers from the company nearest to him, rushed from the rank, and lifting him from his horse carried him to the rear. Just then the firing became general and I could not leave my post to go to him, and I never saw him again. His presentiment had been fulfilled at the last moment, almost, for the retreat began shortly afterward, and Kentucky had lost a noble son, the southern cause a gallant officer, and myself a true and genial friend.

A section of Byrne's battery on the south ridge, in an open field, was doing us considerable damage by cutting off limbs of trees which fell along our left wing, and Lieutenant-Colonel Hynes directed me to notify the officer commanding the section of the fact, and to ask him to either change the locality of his pieces or to alter the direction of their fire. During my absence the regiment had fallen back to the top of the south ridge, and on my return to where I had left it after delivering the order, and just as I emerged from a line of briars and undergrowth which indicated where a fence row had been before Grant pitched his camp there, and while my head was bent and my arms extended to put aside the briars, I heard a strange voice cry out, "Shoot the rebel scoundrel!" I raised my head and looked down into the cavernous muzzle of a rifle just as the flame burst from it about thirty yards from me. The man behind that gun evidently meant business, as the ball struck on a memorandum book in my right breast-pocket and glancing passed out under my still raised arm without doing me further damage than to tear my coat and ruin my book. The force of the ball, though glancing, was sufficient to turn me in the direction of my friends, and I stood not on the order of my going but went at once and rapidly, amid the laughter and wild shots of the enemy, and the encouraging shouts of my friends soon covered the intervening eighty or ninety yards to where the regiment lay. Not only the heels but the entire soles of the socks had been turned to the foes of the South, and I know my loving kinswoman would have forgiven me through her smiles could she have seen my trotters play on that occasion. I was glad—more than glad—to be with the boys again, and never afterward acted as aid or orderly, at least on the field of battle. If it were my fate to be killed, I wanted

it done in the midst of my own regiment, as I had a great horror of being reported missing. I never could understand how one man could lose five hundred on the battle-field, or off, and yet on every battle-field of the South, our brigade, as reserves, was constantly picking up single individuals who had been "cut off" from their commands.

We held our position on the south ridge for some time, during which several regiments passed rapidly and quietly to the rear. There was no firing in our vicinity, and no visible evidence of the enemy in our immediate front. The field around us, except for an occasional dead soldier, had the trodden and generally demoralized appearance of an old-fashioned barbecue ground the day after the gathering of the clans. I looked into the faces of my comrades and tried to read their thoughts, or to lift, with my eye, the veil which covered the innermost depths of their feelings, but all in vain! My own feelings were too bruised and crushed to be talked of, and I was too inexperienced as a soldier and had too much confidence in my superiors to question for a moment the wisdom of their movements. The purity of their patriotism and courage was and is above question, and yet there are thousands who believe to-day that had not General Johnston been killed Grant would have been crushed badly by night-fall of April 6th; that Buell's column of succor would have about-faced, and Nashville instead of Shiloh the point to be attained, with Johnston's victorious army making the best rear-guard he could possibly have had. But such was not the case, and speculation as to what might have been has no value any where.

Well, after two days of stubborn fighting we quietly withdraw to the outskirts of the battle-field and bivouac for the night, leaving Grant's victorious army in a far too crippled condition to follow us, as an organized body, one single step. It rains on us again, but here are no bell-shaped tents to afford us shelter, no sutler's stores from which to draw, without the aid of commissary-sergeant, the substantial and sweets which had regaled and refreshed us the night before. We were hungry, mad, tired, and in that subdued condition of mind and body when hard-tack and sow-belly better suited our fallen fortunes. We had been overpowered by fresh troops, eager to regain the lost prestige of their comrades on the day before. And yet, when the full costs of Shiloh were summed up, the Confederates were found to be largely the gainers. We went into the fight poorly armed and equipped, but came out of it with the best Springfield and Enfield rifles on our shoulders. We went into it raw recruits, and came out

of it stern and daring veterans. The casualties of the "orphan brigade" at Shiloh were greater than on any other three battle-fields of the war. We were literally baptized in fire and blood. Company I, of the Fourth (Captain, afterward Colonel T. W. Thompson commanding), went into the fight Sunday morning, April 6th, with forty-four men, rank and file, and by two o'clock P.M. Monday had lost eighteen dead on the field, and sixteen badly wounded, some of them so seriously that they never reported again for active service during the war. Its captain and second lieutenant wounded, and its first lieutenant, Samuel P. Foreman, acting as adjutant, killed. This percentage of loss, in one battle, has I believe no parallel in history; I, at least, have not read it.

Quite a number of men of the brigade were reported missing, and were afterward carried on the muster-rolls as dead, until Hood, ably seconded by Wheeler and Stoneman, mounted us three years later. What (I think I hear from all sides) has this mounting of the brigade to do with men who were missing since the battle of Shiloh, and whose names were carried on the roll of honor as dead on that bloody field? Simply this: That as soon as it became whispered around that the orphans had been mounted, a great many of those missing braves began to turn up and demand their rights to rations and a horse. I have often, during our first days of service as mounted infantry, seen a seedy, haggard, and unkempt-looking soldier drag himself into camp amid such cries from his old comrades as, "I swear I put bullets on that fellow's eyes at Shiloh, or planted him at Corinth!"

But I am diverging from my line and must return to it. At day dawn of April 8th we are in line, with heels to the foe, but filling the always honorable and often hazardous position of rear-guard to a beaten army. The roads have been cut up by wagon trains and artillery carriages until the mud on the bottom roads is ankle-deep. On we trudge, expecting every minute to face about and check the pursuing foe; but he does not come. The bottom land is passed over and we reach the ridge-road leading to Corinth. Now the footing is better, the road is clear of obstructions, and we hasten to Mickey's house, a desolate-looking farm-house by the roadside. Here we are halted. From this point we can hear (but not see) Forrest's cavalry as they check a scouting party, led, as since ascertained, by Sherman, in person. The sounds of battle last but a short while, and the check appears to have been decisive. The cavalry come quietly back and we take up our line of march for Corinth whither

the main body of the army has preceded us, and which we reached in time to get a full night's much-needed rest. I looked at my socks as I exchanged them for a cleaner and more comfortable pair, and said to them, "Don't look so limp and crest-fallen; you have obeyed a superior power, and even she whose delicate and loved hands gave you shape and form can attach no blame to you."

WHAT A SOLDIER SAW AND KNOWS.

IV.

I knew not *then* where next we might be ordered, knew not *then* how many of our gallant fellows were taking their last glimpse of home, knew not *then* that some of the friendships formed and strengthened by the comradeship of the bivouac, the battle, and the march, would be dissolved by death, and I *now* would fain repel the recurring thoughts of these somber dashings, and revive only the light, humorous, and frivolous touches that brought to us at times the sparkle of real enjoyment, and made our soldier-life at least endurable. I would catch again at the gold of the sunbeams, avoid the shadows which they caused to be thrown, and listen once more to the glad refrain, "If you want to see fun, jine the cavalry." The order came, and we rode on through the valleys, over the hills, and through some of the towns of East Tennessee until we camped at McMinnville. At McMinnville our principal duty was to feed ourselves and our horses, attend dancing parties, scout in various directions, and to gather recruits for the infantry from the conscripts of Jackson County. On one occasion Lieutenant Carter, of Company B, was sent with a detachment to Jackson to assist the conscript officer there in gathering his backward crop. He was gone several days, and returned with his gleanings, only quickly to be followed by an avalanche of quartermaster's vouchers from as many quartermasters as he had men. The honest grangers who bore these to brigade headquarters demanded pay for the milk, butter, honey, maple-sugar, chickens, ducks, and pigs called for by these vouchers, and the stunned brigadier sent for Lieutenant C. and severely censured him. The lieutenant endured the punishment stoically, but on his return to camp ordered his detail to fall in, and he then unbottled his wrath with this crisp and original reprimand: "Boys, look here; the better

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I treat yer the wusser you do me. Now, you've got to come out'n it; you hearn 'er." The speech was received with such a shout "that Carter laughed and found himself much better," but in many a fight after that, when Carter would lead in the charge, the boys would *go in* with the hilarious cry, "You hearn 'er!"

It was the Christmas of 1862, and McMinnville had gathered *her* beauty and *our* Tennesseans in merry-making festivities, and, as a substitute for the sound that came like a "car rattling o'er the stony street" came the order to Murfreesboro, where we were engaged to appear in a hastily-gotten-up New Year's entertainment under the management of Rosecrans and Bragg. But before sounding the boot and saddle a little incident at McMinnville serves to shut out the recollection of the Murfreesboro fight, and may amuse you.

Captain D., of Company C, first saw the light somewhere near the Clinch. I can't describe him, except so far as to say that when he came to the command he had many freckles, much sunburnt, stringy hair, and if your fancy will add the covered wagon with the inevitable "*yaller dog*" chained underneath, you'd recognize him as of the type of loyal East Tennessean so often seen during the war on the way to Illinois.

Pretty soon he pinned up, with a golden star, the left side of his hat and circled it with a jet black plume. He procured a uniform coat with buttons of heavy brass and trimmings of broad gold lace, a wide spread sash of brightest red, and then fastened down his electrified hair with axle-grease, and his *tout ensemble* was altogether O. K.

Of course he rode out with the McMinnville belles, and on one of these occasions the favored beauty, in a spirit of fun, called the nobby soldier her *Napoleon*, when, in the exultation of the moment, the doughty captain fired his pistol in the air, and at the same moment Miss E., assisted by the rearing of her frightened steed, acrobated rearward into the road. Kind neighbors rushed to the bundle of dry goods, and straightening out Miss E., conveyed her to her home, one of the many sufferers of fierce, relentless war. The command was engaged at Murfreesboro, and was busy as the rear-guard of the retreat therefrom, and traveled forward and backward over the bright green hills and beautiful valleys of East Tennessee until Private Theophilus Brown was no more. His winding sheet was of paper, bearing important information, of which the following is a part:

CONFEDERATE STATES OF AMERICA, WAR DEPARTMENT, }
RICHMOND, — —, 1863. }

SIR: You are hereby informed that the President has appointed you First Lieutenant and Adjutant —th Tennessee Cavalry in the

Provisional Army in the service of the Confederate States. . . . Immediately on receipt hereof, please to communicate your acceptance or non-acceptance of said appointment, etc. etc.

Did Theophilus Brown accept? Picture to yourself a soldier stealthily slipping off to some secluded nook on the creek in order to wash out and otherwise make wearable that kind of garment which the king, it is said, found that the happiest man did *not* possess, and of which sort Falstaff had but one to his regiment; see how tenderly he disengages it from the nether garments at the waist, where continuous use had cut loose the flowing skirt; see how gently he removes the lively little parasites from its arm-pits; see how carefully he washes out the fragment, and as it dries on the rivulet's bank, do you think he would be the kind of soldier who would reject the pay of adjutant, even though it came in depreciated Confederate scrip. It *was* accepted, and also the loan of enough money to purchase, for obvious use, a few yards of tent-cloth. Then a friend in Knoxville surprised Lieutenant Brown with the present of a brand-new uniform of the regulation pattern, and the recipient, with tears at the *necessity* of wearing the bright, new thing, put it on, and was soon after detached for duty with General Pegram. That uniform coat was the nearest I ever came to the ownership of an elephant, and a bright gray coat with new gold lace was an object of much more interest to the rest of the army than to the wearer, and this I found out when I attempted to pass the rascally "butter-milk rangers," commanded by one Dibbrell, who to this day has never ceased to disturb the peace of the Union (he is now in Congress). The greeting which the dirty rascals gave that new coat went something in this wise: "Boys, here's an officer; I know it by the marks on his collar!" "What's them gold strings on the arms for?" "Too cute!" "How long have you been out?" "Does your mother *know* you're out?" I never succeeded in passing that regiment, but as quickly as possible let down a section of a worm fence and galloped away from the humorous patriots. That night the gold lace was ripped from collars and sleeves, and I am not altogether sure that the troublesome coat was not rolled in the mud of the camp to give it the tint of the uniform Confederate gray, that I might look just like the other fellows. That coat saw some rough usage, and at last, when my pistol had worn the skirt in holes by dint of striking it against the saddle-tree, I remember taking an axe and fence-rail and curtail-ing it, as a cook would decapitate a chicken. So far as this soldier-coat is concerned, the tale ended with the last sentence.

SOLDIERS OF '61 AND '65.

The contrast between the appearance and condition of the Confederate soldiers who marched to Harper's Ferry or Manassas or Norfolk at the first tap of the drum in the spring of 1861, and the Army of Northern Virginia in the autumn 1862, and to the end of the war, is very striking, and in some of its aspects very amusing.

At Harper's Ferry in April and May, 1861, we were quartered in houses, or had an ample supply of tents. Rations were abundant and of good quality, but our friends at home supplied us so bountifully with the best they had that we frequently did not "draw" from the commissary at all, and it was no unusual thing to see on the mess-table of our private soldiers dinners fit for princes. If one of the boys would sometimes facetiously apologize for not having cream for the coffee, on the ground that "the cows did not come up this evening," yet we had an abundance of coffee and used it with a profusion which made us sigh at the memory of it when in later days we drank rye, or corn meal, or chestnuts, or sweet potatoes, sweetened with sorghum. Then each mess had its own negro cooks and waiters; not unfrequently each private had his own servants to cut his wood, bring his water, light his pipe, clean his musket, or black his boots. Each man had his trunk packed full of every thing that loved ones at home thought their soldier boy might, could, would, or should ever need. Each company had baggage enough (mess-chests, camp-equipment, cooking-utensils, trunks, etc.) to load a wagon-train larger than "Old Stonewall" used afterward to allow to a brigade or even a division. New uniforms with frock coats, bright buttons, long top boots, caps to which were attached white "havelocks," white shirts and collars, white trappings, and even white gloves, elegant leather haversacks, beautiful knapsacks, silk banners, feathers, and epaulets, all combined to give a Confederate regiment of those early days of the war an appearance which the veterans of '62-'65 would have ridiculed without mercy.

Each man, too, carried in his belt a heavy revolver and a huge knife, for those were the days when our boys were told, by the "newspaper generals," that they must not fight at long range, but must rush upon the foe, by which tactics "one Southerner could whip ten Yankees." [We found later that odds of four or even two to one were as good as we cared to encounter.]

We spent our time in drills, dress-parades, inspections, reading the newspapers, discussing military plans, etc., and in entertaining

the large number of visitors who came to camp, among whom were many beautiful and accomplished young ladies, who came "to see their brothers," but did not seem to be offended if somebody else's brothers chanced to be around. Ah! those were the days of "holiday soldiering," when "the pomp and circumstance of glorious war" had not given place to its stern realities.

But the scene soon changes, and if we will visit a camp—say in the Lower Valley of Virginia—in the autumn of 1862, after we had come back from the first Maryland campaign, to rest for a season amidst the green fields, beautiful groves, and clear streams of that picturesque region, we shall find the transformation as complete as it is in many respects ludicrous. Now, there are no houses or tents for even the officers, for "Old Stonewall" bivouacks in some convenient fence-corner, "Marse Robert" has only a "fly" stretched over a pole, and the soldiers are happy if they have even a captured oil-cloth to protect them from the weather. White trappings have all disappeared, and he would be a bold man who would venture into camp wearing a "biled shirt" or white gloves. Frock coats have been exchanged for "the jacket in gray, which the soldier-boy wore," and boots, among the infantry, have given place to the more comfortable brogans, if, indeed, the men are the fortunate possessors of a pair of these, for not a few of them are barefooted, and their blistered and bleeding feet mark the progress of the march. Their uniforms are faded, if not ragged, covered with the dust of the march or the mud of a bivouac in the rain; the jaunty cap has given place to an "old slouch;" the beautiful knapsack and other handsome equipments have disappeared; knives and revolvers are gone (we found that before getting close enough to cut with a knife or shoot with a revolver one side or the other would run), and the gayly dressed "holiday soldier" has become the "ragged rebel" of history. Negro cooks have, to a large extent, disappeared (we could not afford them rations), and the men are now doing their own cooking and washing, and showing a skill at the business that is really marvelous. Rations, though much more abundant than later in the war, have now become very scarce, and the cry of the commissary, "Draw your rations," never fails to elicit a prompt and hearty response. Private Carlton McCarthy, in some very vivid sketches of camp life, recently published, thus described the condition of our brave fellows at this period and later:

"Reduced to the minimum, the private soldier consisted of one man, one hat, one jacket, one shirt, one pair pants, one pair of draw-

ers, one pair of shoes, and one pair of socks. His baggage was one blanket, one rubber blanket, and one haversack. The haversack generally contained smoking tobacco and a pipe, and generally a small piece of soap, with temporary additions of apples, persimmons, blackberries, and such other commodities as he could pick up on the march."

The silk banners which were wrought by fair hands and presented to us as we were leaving home, and which our orators, in receiving them, promised should never "trail in the dust," have been sent home for preservation, and in their stead there ripple in the breeze, tattered battle-flags which the fair-haired, rosy-cheeked "mother's darlings" of '61, now the bronzed veterans of the Army of Northern Virginia, have borne in the thickest of the fight and written upon their folds the imperishable names of Manassas, Winchester, Cross Keys, Port Republic, Cold Harbor, Gaines's Mill, Slaughter's Mountain, Groveton, Second Manassas, Harper's Ferry, and Sharpsburg, leaving scarcely room for Fredericksburg, Chancellorsville, Gettysburg, Wilderness, Spotsylvania, Petersburg, and other immortal names that are to follow.

THE SOUTHERN EXPOSITION AT LOUISVILLE:

LOUISVILLE, KY., *March 8, 1883.*

TO THE EDITORS OF THE SOUTHERN BIVOUAC:

I beg leave to invite your attention to the Southern Exposition, which will open at Louisville, August 1, 1883, and continue one hundred days.

Your magazine is the depository of reminiscences of the devotion, the courage, and the endurance of the southern people during our unhappy civil war. The gleams you give of the gay humor of the hopeful soldier in the midst of hardship, and the amusing anecdotes you record of situations and events that served to lighten the gloom of the dark years, seem to me to intensify the sorrow and desolation that the close of the war brought to the southern people.

It seems to me that the Atlanta Cotton Exposition and the proposed Southern Exposition are wonderful pictures in the history of the South, and that their coloring is heightened by the pathetic shadows of the reminiscences of the bivouac. As I read the one and

consider the other the South appears to me literally to rise from the ashes, to change despair into energy and hopefulness, and to evolve activity and plenty out of desolation. I have no more pleasing vicissitude of personal experience than to read the BIVOUAC under the influence of the association of events which its reminiscences recall, and then turn to the confident and encouraging letters from the South which it is my daily duty to peruse, and note the quick change of what once seemed to be a hopeless situation, and the evidences of the recuperative powers of the southern people.

To my mind the Southern Exposition is the highest evidence of what the new South is, and I do not think there can be a more instructive page of history than one that presents the project of the Southern Exposition set about with the reminiscences of the SOUTHERN BIVOUAC.

J. M. WRIGHT.

A DISTINGUISHED officer told me that during the battle of Malvern Hill he had occasion to report to General Jackson, and after hunting for some time found him and his staff under one of the heaviest fires he had ever experienced. Soon Jackson directed those about him to dismount and shelter themselves, and Dr. Dabney found a place behind a large and very thick oak gate-post, where he sat bolt upright with his back against the post. Just then there came up Major Hugh Nelson, of Ewell's staff—a gallant gentleman and a devout Churchman, who had heard Dr. Dabney's sermon, and whose theological views did not fully indorse its doctrine—and, taking in the situation at a glance, rode direct for the gate-post of "Stonewall's" chief of staff, and giving him the military salute coolly said, "Dr. Dabney, every shot, and shell, and bullet is directed by the God of battles, and you must pardon me for expressing my surprise that you should want to put a gate-post between you and special Providence." The good doctor at once retorted, "No! major, you misunderstand the doctrine I teach. And the truth is, that I regard this gate-post as a *special Providence*, under present circumstances."

HARRY GILMORE, a cavalry officer of some celebrity in the early part of the war, died recently at his home in Baltimore. He was the author of "Three Years in the Saddle," a spirited little book of personal adventure.

Editorial.

DEATH OF GOVERNOR STEPHENS.

Hon. A. H. Stephens, the Vice-president of the Confederate States, while the war gave the seceding States that title by virtue of a recognized belligerency, died on the morning of the 4th of March, 1883, aged seventy-one years.

He was a remarkable man, a phenomenon of mental strength without the corresponding physical stature, and his "three score and ten years" were full of political honors. Never was there a man more honored by his people than Governor Stephens, and there were but few men more deserving these confidences than he, for he was ever true to his convictions and zealous in the advocacy of such measures as would benefit his native State. He was not popular with the soldiers of the Confederacy, because in the ardor of their enthusiasm they could not understand the *policy* of a believer in the constitutional right of secession, who spoke and urged his opposition to the ordinance of secession, and they could not agree with him that slavery was the corner-stone of the Confederacy. Yet they regarded the attack on that institution as one of the many grievances which led to the war. It may be that Governor Stephens accurately foresaw the result of the unequal contest, when the well appointed armies of a strong government, having credit, a standing army, and a navy, and the emigrant world to recruit from, should contend with the armies of Confederacy hastily thrown together and dependent on victory for the very arms to use against their enemy. When the ordinance of secession was passed Governor Stephens accepted the Vice-presidency and gave his whole soul to the establishment of the Confederate States, as one of the independent nations of earth. He died trusted to the last by his people, their governor. His memory is respected every where and honored by all ex-Confederates.

AMONG the events of the recent past of interest to ex-Confederates are the ovation to General Fitzhugh Lee, in New York City, where himself and staff were guests of the Thirteenth New York Regiment, and the Eighth Annual Reunion of the Louisiana Division, Army Northern Virginia. This affair was a magnificent success, and the speeches of E. Howard McCaleb and Captain J.A. Chavalon were eloquent tributes to the gallantry and devotion of the respective armies of the Confederacy. The occasion was Stonewall Jackson's Memorial Day.

WE are indebted to Comrade Alfred Clarke for the following: Died in Shelbyville, Indiana, on Saturday, January 13, 1883, James Hornbeck, a private in the —th Tennessee Infantry, C. S. A. With a family consisting of a wife and six daughters, the eldest of about not over thirteen years of age, and himself suffering from that fell disease consumption, he was for months before his death an object of charity. But he had cast his lot among Samaritans. His last hours were cheered, and the wants of his family attended to by the "Veterans in Blue" of Shelbyville. When "taps" sounded and Private Hornbeck crossed "over the river to rest under the shade of the trees" beyond, forty-two Federal veterans followed the corpse to its last resting place in a grave of their own selection in the beautiful cemetery of that city. All honor to those brave and generous hearts, who answering the call of charity stopped not to inquire whether he wore the blue or gray. One such act will do more to heal the differences between North and South than a hundred battles won or a thousand acts of legislation.

Miscellany

CAPTAIN EDMUNDS is said to be the only ex-Union soldier now in the United States Senate.

THE widow of the Confederate General Ben. Hardin Helm has been appointed postmaster at Elizabethtown, Kentucky.

THE old woman who pulled down the toll-gate pole and demanded pay for Sheridan's whole cavalry is still living in Virginia, though she is too old to attend to the gate any more.

THE original South Carolina ordinance of secession is preserved in the office of the Secretary of State at Columbia. It is written on parchment, is entitled an "Ordinance to dissolve the Union between the State of South Carolina and other States, united with her under the compact entitled the Constitution of the United States of America," and is very brief, containing besides the title, date, etc., but a little more than one hundred words.

SURGEON-GENERAL BARNES, of the United States Army, reports that the whole number of Confederate prisoners taken by the Union armies was two hundred and twenty thousand, of whom twenty-six thousand died; and the whole number of Union prisoners taken by Confederates two hundred and seventy thousand, of whom twenty-two thousand died. If this statement, which purports to be official, be true, twelve per cent. of the Confederate prisoners died, and nine per cent. of the Union prisoners died. And there is an end of the unjust charges so long made against the inhumanities of the southern people.

Query Box.

W. R., NASHVILLE, TENN.: Is the "SOUTHERN BIVOUAC" on sale at any Nashville bookstore? Have you an agent here?

Answer: We prefer to send books to subscribers only, and Captain C. E. Merrill will take pleasure in forwarding your subscription.

H. S., LEXINGTON, KY., asked what reunions of the survivors of ex-Confederate commands will be held during the coming summer. Who is the agent of the BIVOUAC here?

Answer: 1. The Kentucky Infantry Brigade is called to meet at Blue Lick and Morgan's command at Lexington, but efforts will be made to change the place of meeting to Louisville during the days of the great Exposition. 2. Hand your subscription to our friend Will E. Spencer.

Taps.

FAME.—A few months since the following conversation took place at the Chicago depot, between a prominent citizen of this city and an ex-Confederate: Prom. citizen (pointing to the soldierly form of a passenger just stepping from the train): "Who is that fine-looking man?" Ex-Confed.: "Why, that is General Buckner." Prom. cit: "Who is General Buckner?" Ex. Confed., with a look of surprise, "General Buckner of the Confederate army, you know, who surrendered Fort Donelson." Prom. cit., slowly and thoughtfully, "O! he surrendered Fort Donelson did he? What did he do *that* for?"

MEETINGS OF THE SOUTHERN HISTORICAL SOCIETY.—The February meeting was an interesting one. Speeches were made by Major Sanders, Dr. Aiken, Captain Weller, Dr. Edwards, and others. In order to accommodate many business men who desire to attend those meetings, the time of holding them was changed from the last to the second Tuesday of each month. At the March meeting, held on Tuesday the 13th, the election of officers resulted in the selection of the following: President, W. O. Dodd; Vice President, E. H. McDonald; Secretary, E. C. Colgan; Treasurer, John S. Jackman. All ex-Confederates are invited to attend the meetings, which are held on the second Tuesday of each month in the Members' Hall of the Polytechnic Society.

WILD BILL was expatiating on the battle of Shiloh at a very large rate one day as we were marching back to Corinth. He struck a very happy strain and run it on the subject of music. "Yes, boys! it was the largest meeting that was ever held at Shiloh Church. And wasn't the music grand that day? Talk to me about pianos and organs; I never heard such a big organ as was played last Sunday. In the years to come when I am "dangling" grandchildren on my

knee, I will tell them I was there and touched one of the keys to that organ. And every time I touched it, the music rolled out and helped swell the roar and ——” “But Bill,” says Devil Dick, “there is one thing I’ll bet you’ll never tell your grandchildren.” What’s that, Dick? “You’ll never tell them how bad their granddaddy wanted to get away from that church.” “You are mighty right, Dick,” and so said all of us.

AN OFFICER’S WIT.—A gallant soldier and distinguished politician, who commanded one of the regiments, perpetrated an “Irish bull” one day which the other regiments of the brigade never suffered his men to hear the last of. Having halted on the march and the men not falling in with sufficient rapidity when the order to move was given, the gallant colonel exclaimed, “Fall in there, men! Fall in quickly! If you don’t fall in I’ll march the regiment off and leave every man of you!” At the battle of Winchester in June, 1863, this same officer (now a brigadier-general) was very deliberately forming his line of battle when the division commander grew impatient and sent an aid, who came galloping up to the old hero to say, “General, General — wants to know if you are proposing to have dress-parade down here?” The instant retort was, “Go back and tell him yes; we are going to dress on the enemy.” “Dress on the enemy” at once became a slang phrase among the men.

HUMORS OF THE CAMP.—From Dr. Jones’s Lecture: Let a citizen in the ordinary dress enter the camp or pass a moving column, and he becomes at once a target for all manner of jibes and jests. One fellow will notice his beaver and greet him with, “Come out of that bee-gum! Come out at once! You are certainly in thar, for I see your legs hanging out!” Another asks in plaintive, sympathizing tones, “I say, mister, have your calves all died?” “No. I have lost no calves. What makes you think so?” “Well! I came to that conclusion because I see that you have put your churn in mourning.” Or another will exclaim, “I say, boys, yonder is what has gone with our camp-kettle. That man is wearing it!” Or another will come up and say, in the most supplicating tones, “I say, mister, won’t you rent the upper story for winter quarters to a poor soldier who ain’t had nothing to eat for five days?” Or another will call attention to his “biled shirt,” and the whole regiment yell at him to “come out of it,” amidst peals of laughter, until the poor man seeks safety in precipitate flight.

FRED. JOYCE sends the following :

Breckinridge's division covered the retreat from Shiloh to Corinth, and his famous "Orphan Brigade" occupied the main road leading from the battle-field. After two days of severe fighting and anxious nights of constant wakefulness, our nerves were reduced to such a condition that a skirmish or brush in our front would cause our hearts to leap high toward our mouths, and thump like distant drums against our ribs. We were often formed in line of battle while lying near Mickey's house. The writer, with others, remembers the terrible suspense we underwent on such occasions, for we had suffered beyond all belief a short time before, having lost sixty-eight per cent. of our command at Shiloh. The roads were muddy, the ground in the woods where we slept was soft and wet, the weather was rainy and gloomy. An insecure feeling had taken possession of us those few days. Buell could have slipped over and wiped up the remnant any day if he had tried. Colonel H., Captain R., Lieutenant P., and myself had coiled ourselves up in our tent one night to get a little sleep. What between shivering in the wet and cold, and gloomy forebodings, our rest was far from peaceful. We had lain down with our clothes on, and our swords in our hands, ready at the signal to arise and rush to battle. After worrying through the night, along toward the dark part of day a sepulchral voice sounded at our door: "Is Colonel H. in his tent?" "Yes," answer all of us as we spring to our feet and clutch our swords and grope our way stumblingly toward the door. Colonel H. was quite old, and stern, and of a commanding, deep bass voice, and as we crowded around Major G., who had alarmed us, the colonel trying to assume as much indifference as possible, said, "What is it, Major? What is it?" In the extremely dim light we could see the outline of the intrepid major, whom we knew to be of Colonel Trabue's staff (Colonel T. was our brigade commander at the time). Drawing himself up to his full height he reached far into the bosom of his coat, and drew out the longest black French bottle I ever saw. "Gentlemen, take this with the compliments of Colonel Trabue." The surprise was simply immense. The only words in response were from Colonel H., who said, "Major G., you ought to be killed." The next few moments one with keen eyes to penetrate the gloom might have sketched the picture of the raising of a good-sized derrick, then lowering, and again raising, while the fulsome gurgles, long-drawn breath, the smacking lips, and blowing off of steam, told plainer than all of Webster's Unabridged that the liquor was holding a high picnic with our affections.

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